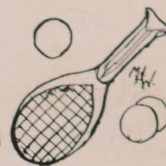




# Campus Mirror



Published During the College Year by the Students of Spelman College, Atlanta, Georgia

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"CEDAR, CATALPA, MULBERRY, AND ELM  
RESENTED INTRUSION IN THEIR LOVELY REALM."

(From *The Mystery of the Spray*, page 6)

## Dr. W. E. B. DuBois to Lecture

Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Editor of *The Crisis*, is giving a series of ten lectures on The Negro and Industry, under the auspices of Atlanta University. The subjects and dates of the lectures are as follows:

1. Imperialism in the Sudan, 1400-1700, Tuesday, March 8th.
2. The Expansion of Europe, 1700-1825, Wednesday, March 9th.
3. The Industrial Foundations of America, 1700-1830, Thursday, March 10th.
4. Southern Imperialism, 1830-1860, Thursday, March 17th.
5. Immigration, 1840-1870, Friday, March 18th.
6. The Black Peasant, 1860-1880, Monday, March 21st.
7. The New Serfdom, 1880-1900, Tuesday, March 22nd.
8. American Imperialism, 1875-1920, Wednesday, March 23rd.
9. The Newest South, 1918-1932, Thursday, March 24th.
10. The Economic Future of Black America, Friday, March 25th.

These lectures will trace the transformation of African Negroes to modern American working men, with emphasis on the organization of work and industry, and the changes in wages and income that have marked the last five centuries.

This is a subject of vital importance to Negroes, and Doctor DuBois is eminently qualified to discuss it. All the lectures are open to the public. They are being given at

Atlanta University, Spelman College, and Morehouse College.

The thesis of these lectures is that the industrial revolution in Europe in the Nineteenth Century was built on the African slave trade, which began industry in America and laid the foundations of the Cotton Kingdom. Slavery planned an empire of the Southern United States, Mexico, Central America, the West Indies, and South America. This dream was spoiled by slave revolt, foreign labor, immigration and free western land, which resulted in war and a free, black peasantry in the South. The North and South uniting, reduced this peasantry to serfdom and united with Europe in reducing the whole colored world to the economic domination of white nations. Internal jealousy led to war and began the emancipation of the colored world. This war also gave renewed and tremendous impetus to industry in the South and led Negro workers into the North; in both sections, Negroes are now fighting an economic battle for bread and butter. How will this battle end?

## Spelman Student Is Honored

Mount Holyoke Awards Racial Minority  
Scholarship for Second Time  
to Ida Louise Miller

Word has been received from Mount Holyoke College in a letter from the chairman of the Racial Minority Scholarship Committee to President Florence Read of Spelman College that the committee had unanimously decided to award their scholarship to Ida Louise Miller for a second year. This scholarship was established at the famous New England college for women for the purpose of giving to a Negro girl of outstanding scholarship and unusual personality the advantages of that institution. It was awarded for the first time last year to Ida Louise Miller, then a sophomore at Spelman College. The scholarship is for \$1000 covering one year's expenses for board and tuition.

Miss Miller is now completing her Junior year at Mount Holyoke College. The second award, the letter stated was based on Miss Miller's fine record in scholarship and on the general contribution she made as a member of the college community.

The recipient of the scholarship attended Booker T. Washington and Spelman High Schools, and was graduated from the latter in 1929 with highest honors. During her first year in Spelman College she ranked highest in her class, and during her second year was tied for first place. In high school, she served on the student council, wrote often for *The Campus Mirror*, and played the title role in Josephine Preston Peabody's play, "The Piper". Her activities in dramatics continued in college. In the spring of 1930 she played the role of Hedvig in the Spelman-Morehouse production of Ibsen's "The Wild Duck", and in the Spelman historical pageant, given at the 50th anniversary of Spelman College, she played Miss Upton. She was president of the Freshman class and secretary of the Sophomore class at Spelman College.

Miss Miller is the daughter of Mrs. Rosalie P. Miller, of 956 Ashby Circle N.W., Atlanta, Ga.

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# Campus Mirror

"Service in Unity"

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## Vessels

The study of English has proved words to be fascinating in their origins and in the history of their changes of meanings and associations. Many words can boast of tracing their ancestry back to words spoken by the Greeks and Romans. Many others are of Anglo-Saxon origin. They have been vessels to carry the thoughts of people. Many are beautiful in themselves. A few let their earlier meanings slip away as the generations passed; others experienced a change in meaning.

Although the significance lies in the thought content, sometimes the bare sound of the word appeals to the ear. (Perhaps that explains the use of the wrong word, a word which confuses the listener and does not express what the speaker intended, but merely sounds suitable to him). The word *splendor* is a beautiful vessel. It pleases the ear and the lips enjoy forming it. As to thought content, when pitted against *worth*, a less beautiful word, *splendor* is beautiful but devoid of rich meaning.

What was once a day set aside for the sake of religious observances, a holy day, has now become a *holiday*. This vessel has changed form as well as meaning or association. There are still holidays on which religious observances are held; however, the idea of ceasing the regular activities has been substituted for the original idea. Even a strictly religious word like *Easter*, because of commercial influence, is associated with new frocks and bonnets.

Almost in the rank of virtues, *service* stood once as that which we owed our Creator, the giving of which was a privilege. Next to God came service to country and fellowman. If pay entered the situation it was merely incidental. The motorist peeps out of his new closed-in model to inquire the way to

the nearest service station. His car needs gas. The man does not want any virtue enacted on him; he wants someone to do a job for which he is willing to pay.

That the detestable term *old maid* is being replaced by the *unmarried professional woman* is no longer questionable nor detestable. Here is an example of a word that is going out of use with the freedom of unmarried women to be self-supporting.

A sort of expansion has marked the history of the vessel *we*. From the immediate family it has grown to include the clan, the tribe, and the nation. At intervals it has included allied nations who called themselves *we* when opposing other nations who were *we* among themselves. There are reasons to hope for the time when there will be just one *we* that shall include all nations and people everywhere.

## Downfall of the Marking System

MARTHA JAMES, '32

Among the things that rise and fall are nations, toddling babies, and economic prosperity. Should I include the marking system, that is, the custom of putting marks on returned papers?

During the second semester many students have been amazed because they have received several quiz papers with no grade on them. Finding blank the spaces usually taken by a grade, they express their surprise like this:

"We didn't do anything."

"This system doesn't suit me; it keeps me on the fence too much."

"I hate to meet Miss——; she looks at me so funny; if I only knew what she gave me."

"I wonder what Professor X thinks about my work. Guess I had better study a little harder."

Perhaps the downfall of the marking system may mean the rise of better grades.

## No Grave

ERCELL POWELL, '33

When the mercury dropped to fifteen degrees, March 5th, people were very much astonished and hastened to bring forth their winter coats, but the tender flowers that had burst into bloom in the mild air were truly bewildered as they waved to and fro in the chilly March wind and could find no winter coats for shelter. A few persons were kind enough to go to their rescue, offering them various kinds of protection—even so far as covering the blooming pansies in the edge of the rose bed near Ella street with a white bed spread. The consternation experienced with the change in temperature is not to be compared with the pure horror that passers-by felt when they saw this white cloth spread over the edge of the rose bed. Looking over the hedge with stretched necks, wide eyes, and drooping chins, they seemed utterly amazed. Of all the interpretations that might have been given, the most amusing one was revealed when a little boy asked, in all sincerity, "Is it a grave?"

## Exchanges

The Campus Mirror acknowledges exchanges with the following school publications:

The Alabama State Inquirer, Alabama State College, Montgomery, Ala.

The Arkansayer, Arkansas State College, Pine Bluff, Ark.

The Avery, Avery Institute, Charleston, South Carolina.

The Bennett Banner, Bennett College, Greensboro, N. C.

The Collegian, State Agricultural and Mechanical College, Orangeburg, S. C.

The Virginia Statesman, Virginia State College, Ettrick, Va.

The Fisk Herald, Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.

The Messenger, Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

The Painette, Paine College, Augusta, Ga.

The Prairie View Standard, Prairie View State Normal and Industrial College, Prairie View, Texas.

The Mule's Ear, Talladega College, Talladega, Ala.

The Weekly News, The Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College, Tallahassee, Florida.

Howard Medical College, Howard University, Washington, D. C.

The Register, A. and T. College, Greensboro, N. C.

The Student Mirror, Morris College, Sumter, S. C.

The Maroon Tiger, Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga.

The Washingtonian, Washington High School, Atlanta, Ga.

The Crimson Courier, Straight College, New Orleans, La.

The Greater Alcorn Herald, Alcorn A. & M. College, Alcorn, Miss.

Southern Opportunity, County Training School, Wortham, Texas.

Fort Valley Message, Fort Valley Industrial High, Fort Valley, Ga.

Truth, Lemoyne College, Memphis, Tenn.

The Advocate, Bethune-Cookman, Daytona Beach, Fla.

School Spirit, David Hale Fanning Trade School, Worcester, Mass.

Hampton Script, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

## "Freely Ye Have Received"

OTEELE NICHOLS, '32

The fifty-first year of Spelman history has been marked with no fewer blessings than other years. There is the lovely new road, the new playground, and the rare dignity of the new library; all of which are splendid things and definitely useful to every one. There are many other blessings, among them good health, that I need not name, for we all know about them. Shall we not show our appreciation by giving generously to the Founder's Day Rally? Things done are better than things talked about.

Give me your reddest apple, your best book, and a shady spot, and I'll not trouble you.



## The Market in Monrovia

MARGARET STEWART, '35

The market place in Monrovia is located in the center of the business section of town, right on the edge of the mouth of the river. Here, farmers and gardeners near and about the city bring the fruits of their labors, and the Kroo people bring in their canoe-loads of fish to sell. On week days the trade is pretty fair, but on Saturdays the market becomes the center of interest for practically the whole city. Long before day breaks, farmers from far up the river begin to arrive in their canoes, bringing loads of foodstuffs of all kinds; greens, cabbages, pepper, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, cassava, eddoes, pineapples, palmnuts, okra, eggplants, plantain, bananas, platto—in fact, everything imaginable that farmers and gardeners know how to produce. Fishermen bring in more fish on Saturday morning than any other morning, because they usually fish all Friday night. Butchers bring their meat down early, for they, too, kill on Friday night. About five in the morning, small traders and early buyers hurry down to the market to buy while things are fresh and cheap; for when these products have changed hands two or three times, one pays twelve cents, for instance, for a pineapple that the farmer who brought it would have sold for six cents.

Uncle Anthony is always one of the early buyers, coming down when it is just light enough to see. From one canoe, he buys a bunch of greens and a cabbage for eighteen cents. Then, after jostling and pushing, he finally gets to another and buys potatoes and cassava to eat with the greens. These cost him thirty cents, but they will last all the week. Someone stands balancing himself in his swaying canoe while he holds up to large, black bottles of red palm oil. Uncle just manages to push through the crowd, hand over a twelve-cent piece, and get his bottle of oil. This will fry the greens and two pounds of beef, which he next buys at one of the meat stalls at twenty-four cents a pound. A bunch of fish for twenty-four cents, and a few green peppers for two cents complete his marketing.

By this time the sun is up and a steady stream of up-town buyers begin to fill the market-place. The stalls are all arranged, with six-cent piles of okra on this table, four-cent piles of kolo nuts on that, twelve-cent piles of eggplants on another, and other vegetables arranged in the same way on tables all over the market. On the ground in that corner are large and small bottles of palm oil—*new* oil, the sellers will tell you.

The meat stalls are crowded with late comers; butchers' knives and hatchets keep up a busy thud! thud! thud! upon the heavy wooden tables. Over yonder the crowd moves excitedly, with loud cries from one and another; a dog is running off with a piece of meat while everyone makes a grab at him.

There comes my teacher, Mrs. Halti-  
(Continued on Page 8)

## The Fortnightly Club

The Fortnightly Club, on Friday afternoon, March 12th, heard Miss Tompkins, of the Emory University Library School, tell of the life and works of Virginia Stephens-Wolfe, the English novelist. Mrs. Wolfe, daughter of Leslie Stephens, was born near London in 1882 and never traveled far from her birthplace; however, she knew the best literature from personal contact with the many authors and critics who frequently visited her home, which has been the home of her family for many generations. Her husband, Leonard Wolfe, is interested in writing and in printing, and at present they own the Hogart Press in London.

Miss Tompkins interpreted the most noted of Virginia Wolfe's works, including *Jacob's Room*, *Room of One's Own* and *Orlando*. The interpretation of the latter was that the character, Orlando, is the spirit of English poetry—each act in his life typifying a true movement in the growth of English poetry in England: a period of boyish activity, one of slumber, of foreign influence, of feminine characteristics and marked progress in general—all of these changes which came into his life can also be felt in English poetry in its corresponding age. Miss Tompkins reminded her audience that English poetry is, after all these years of its existence, only in its middle age.

Washington, D. C., February 19.—“The Journal of Negro Education,” a quarterly review of problems incident to the education of Negroes, is to be published by the College of Education of Howard University, beginning with the April issue.

According to announcement by Dr. Charles H. Thompson, acting dean of the college and editor of the Journal, the purposes of the publication are to collect and disseminate facts about Negro education, to appraise critically the problems and practices in Negro education, and to provide an avenue of expression for students of Negro education.

The publication is national in scope, and in addition to the editorial staff, which is composed of members of the faculty of the College of Education at Howard University, will have a contributing and advisory staff of twenty-six members located in different sections of the country and representing various levels of education.

Included on the staff are both white and colored educators, faculty members of the leading educational institutions, representatives of Federal and state agencies, and of various foundations.

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## The University Players

The University Players of Morehouse College, Spelman College, and Atlanta University, presented three one-act plays at Morehouse College, Sale Hall Chapel, March 12, 1932.

### ILE

By EUGENE O'NEILL

Steward ..... William Hamilton  
Ben ..... Marion Cabiniss  
Captain Keeney ..... Theodore Mathis  
Mrs. Keeney ..... Naomah Williams  
Joe ..... Wilmer Jennings  
Mate ..... Frederick Maise

### MAKER OF DREAMS

By OLIPHANT DOWNS

Pierrot ..... Evelyn Pittman  
Pierrette ..... Thomasine Duckett  
Maker of Dreams ..... Benjamin Parks

### TWELVE POUND LOOK

By JAMES BARRIE

Sir Harry Sims ..... Baldwin Burroughs  
Lady Sims ..... Edythe Tate  
Kate ..... Clara Stanton  
Tomes ..... Edward Rodriguez

## Musical at Morehouse North Hall

The first entertainment given in any of the dormitories since the house organizations were effected, was a musical given Sunday evening, March 6th, in Morehouse North reception room.

Clara Stanton acted as hostess for the group and their invited guests. The numbers were well arranged and artistically presented in the following order:

VIOLIN SOLO—*Gypsy Song*, Weldeny—D. S. Days.

VOCAL SOLO—*I Will Lift Mine Eyes*, Eville—Mabel Hillman.

PIANO SOLO—*Petrarca Sonnet*, Liszt—Josephine Harrel.

VIOLIN DUET—*Slave Song*, White—Edwin Thomas, Willie Moses.

VOCAL SOLO—*Spirit Flower*, Tipton—Constance W. Bedgood.

VOCAL SOLO—*Only the Lonely Heart*, Tchaikowsky—Mary Louise Smith.

PIANO SOLOS—*Barcarolle*, Dett; *Reflections on the Water*, De Bussey—Carol Blanton.

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# Our Speakers

## Students Hear Irish Playwright

Mr. Lennox Robinson, Irish playwright and manager of the Abbey Theater Players was a welcome speaker at an informal gathering of literature lovers in Reynolds Cottage on the evening of February 28th. His talk centered upon the development of the Irish drama, which has long since passed the period of cheap farces, seen on the American stage.

A group of patriotic men, as good as geniuses, set to work to raise the level of Irish culture by reviewing the background of the old Gaelic culture. However, they could not revive the theater for there was none to revive; the Irish folk had never had a theater. Mr. Edward Martyn and Mr. William Yeats answered the need by beginning to produce plays in the later

(Continued on Page 8)

"Talk about the past, and appreciate it more. The past is a great reality, for whatever there is in our life is based upon the past. Books, heredity, the home, all influence the individual, thus making this road which he treads a familiar one." Thus spoke Mr. H. Paul Douglas, Friday morning, February 26th. Mr. Douglas is interested in social and religious research.

Are you bored with life, sad, disappointed—oh, just all crest-fallen? No? You've never been? Then, you don't exactly fall into the mass of students to whom Mr. Hope administered first aid psychic treatment.

"Don't assume the burden of philosophic thought, enjoy life," advised President Hope.

How appealing that sounds to youth whose natural disposition should be sunny, jovial, hopeful, and confident. Now, why should students stalk solemnly about with grim, set faces as if to keep the recently acquired knowledge from escaping, or spend their time day dreaming about what they will do when they get out of college? Haven't you heard any number of students say, "Just wait until I finish. I shall be the happiest girl ever. I shall do 'thus and so'?"

To this Mr. Hope said, "Get a deal of pleasure and joy here. Look at the lovely campus and dormitories, enjoy them now, instead of looking far ahead. If you don't find pleasure in present fields, you will not find pleasure in distant ones; make friends. Have a friendly approach to people, books, pictures, and music. Search carefully into things before judging them worthwhile. It is a sad sight to see youngsters trying to be oldsters or vice versa. If I had to live my life over, I should so fill it with worthwhile things that I would keep growing and growing. Be living fountains."

## Ten Characteristics of a Student

Given by President John W. Davis, of West Virginia State College, in Sisters Chapel, February 19th:

1. Intellectual honesty.
2. Knowledge of scientific technique.
3. Versatility of suggestion.
4. Ability to recognize significant data.
5. Ability to suspend judgment.
6. Intelligent enthusiasm.
7. Patience to verify results.
8. Power of sustained effort.
9. Sense of a finished product.
10. Courage to utilize scientific results.

Mr. Wm. Herbert King, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church in Washington, D. C., delivered a profitable lecture on "Building", Monday morning, February 15th.

He gave the parable of the two houses, one erected upon a foundation of rock and the other upon sand; consequently, the latter was destroyed by the storm while the former stood unshaken.

"What kind of house are you building?" asked the speaker. "Does it call for brick or limestone? The foundation is the fundamental thing. Consider the system of reading and writing. The entire English language is based upon twenty-six letters; all the lovely colors are produced from seven primary colors. Your foundation determines your possible destiny, and by your destiny shall you be known."

A charming personality was radiated through the informal talk given by Miss Marie Olson, Tuesday, February 23rd.

Miss Olson's native home is in Sweden; however, she has been in America for ten years. She has wide repute for her magazine articles. Spelman College students had a delightful trip through Norway, Denmark, and Sweden with Miss Olson, so vividly did she describe the Scandinavian countries and their literatures.

President Archer of Morehouse College spoke of "Fools", in chapel Thursday, March 3. He defined a fool as one who is unable to become adapted to circumstances. "Nature speedily destroys a fool, be the fool a dog, cat, man, or woman." This unique address caused quite a sensation among the students, and many have been going through a course of self-examination in order to detect whether symptoms of a fool exist.

Dr. Charles Johnson, Director of the Department of Social Science at Fisk University, spoke in chapel, March 7th, on the value of applying oneself conscientiously to any task in order to secure a good job.

## An Easter Message

In a series of talks on the significance of the Cross for our times, Rev. Howard Thurman, during the week of March 6-11, with his characteristic convincing earnestness, described it as a symbol of suffering, of misunderstanding, and of perished hopes. The suffering to which Jesus was exposed belongs to that era in life where one suffers not as a result of his wrong doing but suffers, it seems, because it is the nature of the world. If we are misunderstood, the cause may be that we hang out the wrong sign about ourselves or build a wall of reserve around ourselves. We often misunderstand others because we are too busy trying to understand ourselves. Jesus was misunderstood and killed by people whose souls were numb with insensitiveness, indifference and ingratitude. He found that gratitude is not a reward of life but that life's reward is more life, just as love's reward is more power to love. A man like Jesus, gripped with a great idea, isn't concerned whether he lives or dies, only that his idea lives.

To have long-time emotions that will carry one through unexpected tedium, economic insecurity, ill-health and disillusion, the idealist must face facts and call them by their real names; must have an imagination disciplined by careful reflection; must be able to understand life from more than one angle; that is, he must see life whole so that he can find purpose and sense to the basic drift, and regard the commonplace as significant.

It was in crises that Jesus' friends least understood him. Though inspired they were unable to share his dreams with him. They lacked perspective. They had lost the estimate of themselves. In all of his crises Jesus seems to have been alone and so experienced the solitariness that gives life its power.

Simon of Cyrene is an example of innocent persons who bear other's crosses on their bodies, in their minds and in their souls. They feel compelled to help atone for misdeeds of others.

## Doctor Weigle at Vespers

Dr. Luther Weigle, Dean of the Divinity School at Yale University, formerly head of the department of Religious Education in Yale, was the speaker at Vesper service, Sunday, March 13th. Doctor Weigle went to Yale from Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, where he was dean and professor of philosophy. Doctor Weigle is the author of several books, one on Sunday School teaching, now used at Spelman, and one of the volumes of Yale's *Chronicles of America*. Under his administration at Yale, a new Divinity building is going up and will be ready for occupancy in September. He was Miss Norwood's teacher at Carleton and a friend to her during her attendance at both institutions.



# From the Classrooms

## Theories Rediscovered in Practice

ODESSA SEABROOKE, '32

The Seniors who are doing practice teaching in Oglethorpe Elementary School are enjoying very much this field of observation, and are interested to note the degree of growth and development possible for children in succeeding grades.

They observe that in each grade children are playing games, suited to their development, reading good stories, hearing good music, drawing pictures, and designing and making small objects.

Games with music and motions are taught to each grade. A game which the kindergarten children were enjoying with perfect abandon was a small orchestra, in which each child played an instrument, with one child directing and the teacher at the piano. The kindergarten children of first and second grades are taught to draw pictures, choosing the colors and paints; thus they learn to recognize and name colors. They make models of clay. In the third grade the children read good stories outside of class and tell them in class the following day. The children of the fifth grade are planning and designing maps, using paper figures of different colors to represent the products native to different states.

While these children are learning to appreciate beauty of form and color in nature and art and are enjoying their drawing and designing, their games and sports, they are forming habits that will remain with them.

The teachers are guided by their knowledge of child psychology and other studies in their field, and the students who observe, while they regard the actual learning processes, are rediscovering the educational theories they have studied.

## On Knowing Aquatic Life

JUANITA JERNIGAN, '32

"Mary, come here. See this yellow and black fish swim."

"Yes, James, and have you noticed those tiny young minnows—silver and gray—swimming through the floating green plants?"

"Now, look! See how this golden red fish is pushing himself across the bowl with his tail fins; now he stops himself with his front fins. The different colors are beautiful as the little gliders flash through the green plants, stopping at intervals to eat or rest."

So goes the daily chat around the aquarium in the living room and such an aquarium helps to keep children gay and interested in natural things. "Fish are ideal pets. They do not leave mud on the floor nor ask for a walk at bedtime," says Clara Cutler Chapin.

The youth of adventure has a chance to satisfy his curiosity by testing theories about aquatic life. "Oh, mother," he observes, "the minnows have eaten all the larvae that I brought from the pond." Then he adds, "I have noticed that some of the aquatic animals are bad neighbors and some are good. The Paradise fish, for instance, is an impossible neighbor because he drives other fish from the food. Animals inhale oxygen and exhale carbon dioxide which would pollute the water. The plants counterbalance this by capturing the carbon dioxide and exhaling oxygen. Thus the aquarium can be kept sweet without changing the water." He learns that fish which are hatched from eggs are harder to keep because their young must be fed with live food, while the young of fish whose young are born alive are easier to keep because they are able to eat prepared fish food.

The aquarium at school is a means of bringing into the students' lives experiences from the outside world so that they can better appreciate color, graceful movements and artistic arrangement of natural things as seen in the aquariums with the beautiful green floating columba and the steadfast long ribbon valisneria. The pupils can easily learn how to construct an aquarium at home, thereby becoming better acquainted with the water world.

The museum aquarium offers amusement, even fascination, to crowds of people who can not have one at home, at school, or at the office. There is much information to be obtained while examining one. The city of Chicago is one of many cities that affords such a museum on a large scale. It shows many aquatic forms of life in their natural habitat. Whenever one goes there, the place is crowded with spectators who are getting a typical representation of the water world.

If your city does not have a museum aquarium and your school is not able to afford one, then make one at home and have your pets there.

## What of It?

SAMMYE FULLER, '33

Among the many helpful suggestions given in a certain class, is the use of the question, "What of it?" in regard to lessons or facts taught. The test of the value or significance of a thing to the reader or listener is his thinking, "What of it?"

In my attempt to make learning practical, I wondered if this same idea could not be applied to the daily affairs of life. I immediately began to carry the question through my laboratory of thought. At the end of my experiments, I found it to be an excellent criterion.

Each day presents problems which are to be solved. Among them are: What time shall I get up in the morning; how thoughtful am I of others in regard to my share in cleaning the room, the use of the bathroom, doing duty work, getting to meals, to chapel, and to classes? How shall I use my time—how much for leisure—how much for study; how thoughtful am I in my use of other people's time? In the process of reaching a decision to each of these questions use may be made of the "What of it?" test. Since every day plays an important part in determining character or destiny, it is advisable and necessary to question the value and the significance of each act and its result.

Another very good use of the "What of it?" standard is found in the use of words. Yesterday someone said something about you. You are still carrying it in mind, brooding over it, allowing it either to rob you of today's happiness or to make you feel unduly important. Really, what of it? Was it important after all? The significant thing is your being impersonal, unaffected by persons and things to the extent that you live above and beyond the petty things of life, refusing to be inflated or depressed.

But what of it? You who made the unkind remark, aren't you doing yourself a grave injustice in that you have allowed unpleasant thoughts to crowd out the pleasant ones? Aren't you giving your opponent the advantage in that you have showed that you are thoughtless and inconsiderate, that you have a need of refinement? To be truly educated is to be truly courteous.

The reverse to the above word picture is one of beautiful thoughts, kind words, words of cheer, comfort and helpfulness. What of it? "You can't sprinkle the perfume of happiness on others without spilling a few drops on yourself."

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# Poetic Fancies

## A Peep Into Springtime

KATIE MAE CARR, '34

Plowing, now in full swing, envelopes one in a vague, slow-moving whirl of things. Ellen watched Dave plow from their auto parked on the highway. Underneath him was the jarring, jolting, trembling machine; not a clod was turned that did not send its impress all through his body, it seemed. The friction of the damp soil, the incessant gliding over the shiny plowshare seemed to reproduce itself even in his fingertips—how they expanded and contracted on the plow handles, and along the back of his hand—as the plow swayed to and fro.

Dave and the animal appeared to be keeping in step, as Dave watched the horses' hoofs crushing down easily, deeply, into the loam. Unconsciously he was absorbing the prolonged chink of the trace-chains, the working of smooth brown flanks in the harness, the champing of bits, the click of iron shoes against pebbles. Ellen regarded these things.

Laboring backs of other men appeared, shining with sweat; and here and there in the field their voices were heard, the conversation to the horses which was almost understood. A "cluck, cluck" from the stray chickens added lightness to their tones.

From around a sloping bend came a number of men; six, perhaps. Their backs were straining, heaving, swollen with muscle; their faces still red with the last summer's tan, only to become more tanned from spring through the fall to come. Rest with such brawny tillers of the soil was brief, very brief. Blue overalls, spotted with axle grease, dotted the field; muscled hands, knuckles whitened in the grip on the reins, and, above all, the ammoniacal smell of the horses as they plowed the plot near where Ellen's eyes were consuming everything;—the reek of perspiration of beast and men, the aroma of worn leather,—and, stronger and more penetrating than anything else, the heavy, pungent fragrance of the upturned, living earth that might easily be thought a land of swaying ribbons — — —

It was spring, and Ellen knew it.

## The Mystery of the Spray

EDNA L. BANKS, '35

Put, put, put, put, put, put, --t, --t, --t!  
Schut, schut, schut, --t, --t, --t!  
Ss--, ss--, ss--, ss--!

A scented Magnolia aroused from her bed  
Of slumberous winter, inclined her tall head  
And eagerly listened to the message which  
said:

Put, put, put, put, put, put, --t, --t, --t!  
Schut, schut, schut, --t, --t, --t!  
Ss--, ss--, ss--, ss--!

A gay little Holly, wise for her years,  
Astounded the Poplar by bursting in tears,  
Disturbing the Judas, who was nothing but  
ears,

And the dear little Dogwood, who had never  
known fears.

The Waterbeechness, lacy, ranking high among  
seers,

Wished to unravel that which puzzled his  
peers.

Put, put, put, put, put, put, --t, --t, --t!  
Schut, schut, schut, --t, --t, --t!  
Ss--, ss--, ss--, ss--!

Cedar, Catalpa, Mulberry, and Elm  
Resented intrusion in their lovely realm  
And cast angry glances at the silvery skim  
Covering each trunk and each branching  
limb.

Put, put, put, put, put, put, --t, --t, --t!  
Schut, schut, schut, --t, --t, --t!  
Ss--, ss--, ss--, ss--!

Then said the Oak tree, king renowned,  
"Don't be ungrateful! Let joy abound!  
Our care is envied by trees all around.  
The cleansing coolness of each silvery spray  
Bids us grow healthy, as day follows day.  
God gave us our nature, gave us man too,  
And to each of us is a privilege due,  
The privilege to serve, spread beauty and  
cheer;  
For man we may blossom as year follows  
year."

## Stone Mountain

MARIETTA JACKSON, '35

As I looked at the calm majesty, the  
simple vastness and the strong firmness of  
this mountain of a single stone, a great awe  
came over me. With a feeling of reverence  
and wonder, I realized my utter smallness  
and weakness. The stillness and vastness,  
the rustic but overwhelming beauty made  
me feel that nature is really a thing to be  
adored. I felt and enjoyed its everlasting  
constancy, its serene calmness—a calmness  
that made even the whisper of a tiny prayer  
seem to be rising to the ear of God.

## The Things I Love

ETHELYNDE ARMSTRONG, '35

The soothing freshness and coolness of April  
and May rains.  
The quiet lapping of the waves on the shore  
of the lake.  
The smooth, silky feel of a kitten's soft fur.  
The comforting grasp of the hand of a friend  
when I am worried.  
A firm hand-shake on meeting one that I'd  
like to have for a friend.  
The pervasive calm of early morning.  
The feel of cool grass beneath my feet in  
spring and summer.  
The sleepy look of a child who is trying to  
stay awake long enough to see whether  
the bears caught Goldenlocks or not.  
The damp, dirt-like smell of the earth after  
a spring shower.  
The thin, clear tinkle of a cow's bell far in  
the forest.  
The delicate smell of roses and sweet peas in  
a flower garden.  
The snappy crispness of lettuce when one is  
cupping it on the plate.  
The warm, comfortable pat of mother when  
she is especially pleased with me.  
The chattering chirp of birds in early morn-  
ing.  
The soft, quiet bubbling of a spring and  
brooklet.  
The cool friendliness of the shade of the  
oak tree.  
The calm murmur of pine trees.  
The clean smell of newly dried clothes.  
The quietness of Stone Mountain.  
The enveloping caresses of a moonlight  
night.

## Evening

CARRIE ADAMS, '35

Evening is like the coming of the tide:—  
To the father, weary of toil, rest;  
To the babe who has long crawled or pat-  
tered his way along, a fold and caress  
in his mother's arms;  
To the sadly troubled heart, the return of  
her wayward son home,  
To him, new life;  
To the shepherd, a counting of his own;  
To the little-hearted person, a reward;  
To flowers, a bowing of heads.  
Birds, weary of their roaming, are turned  
homeward by the shadows.  
It is eventide that turns thousands of  
life's pebbles back to shore.

Good homes are a solid foundation to any  
nation.

Miss Camilla Howard, graduate of Spelman College in 1927, former member of the Campus Mirror staff, will receive her Master's degree in French from Middlebury College in June, 1932.

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# Among the Laughters

## Jackson 7143 at 6:30

"What's in the corner over there?" a stranger passing through Rockefeller Hall at this hour might ask.

"Oh, just a telephone."

"But the audience?"

"Expecting calls, of course."

No sooner said than—"br-r-r-r-ring" goes the phone.

"Hello, yes? Miss D—? yes. I'll have her over in a minute. Oh—I beg your pardon, she is already over."

"V—, please don't talk all night," says one of the other twenty girls waiting, "my call is due in three minutes."

"Has my call come yet?" yells one girl nearly out of breath as she runs in from the dining hall.

"No" is the answer of all the girls together, disgusted that another has been added to the waiting list.

"Bye-bye B. A., no I won't hold the line any longer tonight. Too many others are waiting for calls and already they have begun to talk to me with their eyes."

"I guess so, you've talked four minutes," comes from the others.

"Br-r-r-r-r-r-ring"—almost simultaneous with the hanging up of the receiver.

"I just know that isn't mine," says one girl who is preparing herself for the disappointment.

"Hello, yes, no Miss H—is not speaking, but she happens to be waiting."

"Goodness!!!—Why did it have to be her—that 'B' girl!"

"What do you mean,—'B' girl?"

"Oh, she'll BE there."

"Well, call me a 'C' girl then, because I mean to SEE that I don't miss my call this night."

"This is the last night that I am coming over here if I don't get a call in a few minutes," says one girl who has said the same thing every night for two weeks.

"Do you know why R— is angry with her boy friend?" says one girl to another as a matter of carrying on a discussion of current topics while waiting.

"Certainly," was the answer. "He telephoned, and when he was about to greet her he got the first names mixed."

"Will G— ever hang up? I wonder."

"Lay off me because I'm stopping now."

"Stopping? You mean you're through. You've succeeded in saying everything that you ever knew."

"Br-r-r-r-ring!"

"Hello, yes. You say you would like to talk to a teacher on a business subject?"

Well, nothing was said, but you may be certain that the anxious congregation surely wished that the person had called a little later. Anyway, the teacher wasn't in, so not much time was lost.

"Rrr-r-r-r-ring" continues the 'phone every chance that it has until about 7:15. The line has diminished to only about half,

Professor—Miss A., what is human nature?

Miss A.—What number is that question, please?

Professor—How did Scott cross the moor?

Student—In a boat.

"I hear that the Seniors have to write autobiographies."

"Of whom?"

"I don't know. I didn't hear that."

And then there was the girl who understood all of the magician's tricks.

Teacher (dictating)—It was a theft of precious metal.

What the pupil wrote—It was a fat, oppressive medal.

Junior—Did you enjoy the talk in chapel?

Senior—Now, just what did he talk about?

Junior—I hadn't thought of that side of it.

*In Nursery*

Student Teacher—Doris, take off your coat and hat.

Nursery Child—Mamma told me to keep my coat and hat on because I have a bad breath.

Voice over telephone—I cannot live without you.

Dr. Watch (to daughter)—Bring my satchel quickly, here is a man who cannot live without me.

Daughter—Hold the phone; that call is for me.

Prof.—Where is the great beyond?

Freshie—The sophomore class.

First Co-ed—I hear that Jack's father has another "wife" on hand.

Second Co-ed—What became of his first wife?

First Co-ed—She is there, but Jack has just married.

but the girls decide to resort to their individual responsibilities. Of course the parties on the other end decide this first.

"Oh, I just remember," one girl will say to another, as the crowd strolls disappointedly to dormitories, "I wasn't supposed to get a call anyway tonight."

—anything to appear that she has not been fooled.

"I'll bet he was trying to call me all the while and the line was busy," another would say sadly.

Whether this is real confidence or the sour grape mechanism remains to be guessed. Whatever it is, it gives a satisfying feeling to the person who waited in vain.

Ask the telephone to tell you the rest of the story. It knows a lot.

Boy (after pouring out his heart to a girl, on eve of departure)—How can I leave you?

Girl (bored)—I would suggest by aeroplane.

Critical—What good is a mock peace conference?

Cynical—Why the *mock*; all are that.

Dietitian: Good morning!

Student (slightly deaf): I don't eat that.

Teacher: My dear, think of the future.

Mary: I can't; it's my boy friend's birthday, and I've got to think of *the* present.

*Boner?*

Spring is when they start spraying the trees.

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## AT THE SIGN OF THE BLUE



FRANCES LAWSON, '33

Continuing the series of programs on the theme: the lives of some outstanding Negro women, on February 14th, Adele Dent told the life story of Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune. Mrs. Bethune has made and is still making her contributions to her race and to the world in the field of education as a lecturer and as the founder of Daytona Normal and Industrial Institute, which has since been merged in Bethune-Cookman College, of which she is president. Mrs. Bethune, because of her manner before an audience or with friends, is always thought of as a woman with an unusually winsome personality.

The series was concluded on February 21st, when Thomasine Duckett told about the life of the orator, Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, who is nationally known. The speaker, in a deliberate manner, impressed her audience with many interesting facts about Mrs. Terrell. Among the outstanding ones are: She studied in Ohio, and in Europe; on her return to America, she was offered the position of registrar at Oberlin College, which she declined; she was sent to the International Congress of Women, held in Berlin in 1904, here she pleased the audience with scholarly lectures in three different languages. In America, again, she was invited to Cornell University to deliver an address on *The Bright Side of the Race Problem*.

On behalf of the Y. W. C. A. we wish to thank the student speakers who have brought to us such valuable information and inspiration.

On Sunday evening, February 28th, the Y. W. C. A. presented Mr. William Long, tenor, in a recital. His program consisted of two groups. In the first were: *Little Mother O' Mine*, by Burleigh; *Dawn*, by Leovri, and *Invictus*, by Huhn. The second group were Negro Spirituals: *Wade in de Water* and *Blin' Man*. Miss Alma Long, '31, was the accompanist. Mr. Long responded to several encores. He was assisted by Mr. Edwin Thomas with a violin solo, *Cavatina*, by Roff. Carol Blanton played the accompaniment.

The big annual event sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. is the International Dinner, scheduled this year for March 19th.

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ATLANTA, GEORGIA

## The Market in Monrovia

(Continued from Page 3)

wanger, with her husband and little girl, Ruth Ann, and two boys carrying market-baskets and a box. Near the stall where Mrs. Haltiwanger is buying her weekly roast, sits a plump little woman by a bunch of bananas and plantain and a few eggs—which really aren't fresh. Ruth Ann looks at her and smiles; and the woman is so charmed by the white child's friendliness that she hands her a large banana, which Ruth accepts with a sweet little smile and a "thank you".

Right in front of us, people crowd around a boy who has just succeeded in edging out of another crowd with several large bunches of fresh-looking greens. They almost force him to sell, but he shakes his head determinedly and points to the river where canoes are still arriving with more garden truck.

People are hurrying to and fro, buying, changing money, laughing, jostling, hailing one another. Groups of politicians gather here and there to discuss the coming elections. People of all kinds and walks of life rub elbows at the market—from a government official to the tall, rough fisherman, who cannot speak a word of English, but who knows how to count his money and give back the right change.

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## Irish Playwright

(Continued from Page 4)

19th century. Faced with great difficulty in the staging of the plays, they were about to resort to translating the plays into German and producing them in Germany, when Lady Gregory came to the rescue in 1898. She determined that the plays should be presented in Irish and at Dublin. Thus came the idea for the foundation of a school of Irish drama.

With no plays yet in existence but those of Martyn and Yeats and none but commercial theaters, this idea seemed little more than a crazy dream. Finally, money was raised to build a theater—a hopeful period only to be followed by one of lull in which English players came over to do Irish plays. E. A. and some friends who had written farces joined with Yeats. The new organization consisting of working people who could practice only in their spare time began playing before a small but enthusiastic audience.

The company gradually perfected new subject matter and a new kind of acting. The plays dealt with simple unsophisticated people, whose roots were deep in the soil. Stiff, unnecessary gestures were discarded. A technique of acting was developed in which actors dared to turn their backs to the audience. As a result, the compliment is paid that the audience feels as if it is spying upon something it was not meant to see and not as if the action is on display.

The company became able to pay its players and to boast of a new theater. Ireland was only gradually made to like the new picture of herself. The new group of writers to which Mr. Robinson belongs were at first quite realistic. They loved to tell Ireland all the bad about herself, yet this was a way to correct it.

In 1911 these players came to America and taught her to want something that the theater of commerce cannot give for fear of no patronage. Like the Irish, American plays were at first of the drawing room type, which is not characteristic of any certain place. Now America has such plays as those of Eugene O'Neill. This, Mr. Robinson said, was due to Irish influence.

When the new Irish government was established it made the rising theater a national theater, the only one of its kind in the English speaking world. It is supported by an amusement tax, to which "talkies" pay a double portion. This realistic theater helped to make real the idealistic Ireland for which the Irish fought England and fought themselves. The Abbey Theater Players are proud to be thoroughly Irish.

During the week of March 1st they presented four plays in Atlanta.

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